THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, 1889.

OLD STYLE MARRIAGE COVENANT.

WESTERN STEAMBOAT ROUTES.

The Prospects for Passenger Traffic on the

Rivers Far From Discouraging.

It is perfectly true that the Western

steamboat interest has been seriously im-

paired by competition with the railroads,

and that the number of fast boats has great-

ly decreasad. For the position of steam-

boat property in the past was peculiar. Large numbers of the boats were owned by the captains or their families, and in case of

The Century.1

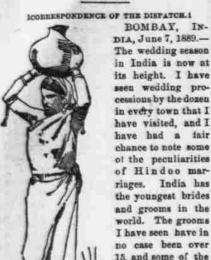
INDIAN BABY BRIDES.

How Children Become Wives in the Land of the Hindoos.

STRANGE MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

Among a People Where Love and Courtship Are Absolutely Unknown.

WIDOWHOOD WORSE THAN SLAVERY



its height. I have seen wedding processions by the dozen in every town that I have visited, and I have had a fair chance to note some of the peculiarities of Hindoo marriages. India has the youngest brides and grooms in the world. The grooms I have seen have in no case been over 15, and some of the brides were apparently only veaped. By the Hindoo law a woman should be mar-

ried before she eaches the age of 12. Most girls are betrothed before they are 6, and in a wedding procession at Agra I saw a little bridegreen of perhaps 10 years gorgeously

dressed in cloth of gold and with heavy

ting in a wedding chair with a little baby

girl of not over 2, who lay asleep at the

other end of the chair while the procession

moved onward. Her sleep was heavy, and

she had probably been drugged with opium. This was a marriage of two wealthy fam-

illes, and the wedding procession was very grand. At the head of it were two camels with trappings of gold ridden by barelegged men in red and gold turbans, and

pings, and 12 Arabian horses followed. These horses had gold bracelets about their fore legs just above the knee, and there were

great silver bells running from the saddle along the back to the crupper. The saddles

were of silver cloth, the stirrups were of silver, and the bridle was decorated with

gold. Between these hors s came the wed-ding chair, and this was a sort of a litter

perhaps six feet square containing a bed with cushions and pillows and over it was

stretched a canopy of red and gold. With-in it was the bridal couple and the proces-

and it was the bridge couple and the proces-sion was accompanied by a band which played during the march, "We Won't Go Home Till Morning." It was a native band, but it had probably had an English instructor, and this tune served as the wed-ding march.

Weddings Among the Poor.

of the poorer classes and I had the pleasure

of an introduction to the groom. He was a

sullen boy of 15, who looked as though he

by no means enjoyed the occasion. He

had a cap of red cloth with long strings of

flowers hanging from itarim to his neck and with tawdry red clothes upon his body. He

was riding a white pony, which had gaudy

trappings, and walking with him was a crowd of bare-tooted, bare-legged, turbaned men and boys, one of whom led the horse. These were his relatives. Just back of

them, and apparently having no connection with the pony-riding groom, was a party of men carrying what looked like a store box shut up on all sides and covered with red

At Benares I saw a wedding procession

A carpet covered the ground and the flickering lights shown over a collection of curious figures, which would make another fortune for Barnum. I looked in vain for the bride, and whether she was a baby or not I do not know. The groom was not more than 6. He was a bright little fellow in a red velvet coat, and he brought me a bunch of flowers and some cardamum seeds, which are given to the guests upon such occasions.

A carpet covered the ground and the flick-change them. It matters not if she be sick of awhether the weather be warm or cold. She sleeps in these clothes for 13 days and she is persecuted by all. I found here at Bombay a statement of one of the Hindoo widows from this part of India. It was translated by an English lady and appeared in an Indian newspaper. The following is an extract from it:

"Thousands of us die, but more live. I saw a woman die, one of my own cousins.

Indian marriages are managed entirely by the parents. Courtship is unknown in India, and the parties married often remain for years without knowing each other. The negotiations are often carried on by means negotiations are often carried on by means of a match-maker, as in China, and India has its professional match-makers, both women and men. For arranging a middle-class wedding a match-maker gets from \$10 to \$15, and in the marriages of the rich he receives twice this amount. The boy in the arrangement has no more to say than the girl, though after the marriage is consum-mated and he becomes the detacto husband of the girl, the advantage is altogether on

his side.

Women holds the lowest rank in India Women holds the lowest rank in India. According to her religion she can only find salvation through her husband, and if she is not born again as a man she will have to go through eight million transmigrations. A man can do no wrong to his wife and she is practically his slave. She draws the water, carries all the burdens and makes the fuel for the family. All over India you see women carrying pots of water on their heads and the contrast between the bracelets on their arms, both below and above the elbow, the anklets on their bare feet and the great gold or silver ornaments in their the great gold or silver ornaments in their cars, and their menial occupation, is

ears, and their menial occupation, is striking.

I see women carrying water on their heads with babies not more than a few days old in their arms, and I saw yesterday a woman who had, by actual count, 36 brass bracelets upon each of her forearms, a big plate of silver on her biceps, heavy brass anklets about her legs and two silver rings on each one of her ten toes.

Women Weighted Down With Jewelry. Speaking of jewelry, there are no women in the world so fond of jewelry as those of



When he died she was too weak and ill to be dragged to the river. She was in a burn-

of death came upon her and in eight hours she breathed her last. Everyone praised her and said she died for the love of her husband.

"I knew another woman who did not love her husband, for all their friends knew they quarreled so much they could not live to-gether. The husband died, and when the news was brought the widow threw herself from the roof and died. She could not bare the thought of the degradation that must ollow. She was praised by ail. * * † The only difference for us since the English have prevented us from burning ourselves upon our husband's funeral pyres is that we then die quickly, if cruelly, but no, we die all our lives in lingering pain. We are aghast at the number of widows—how is it that there are so many? It is because every man who died leaves one and often more, and though thousands die more live

A Parsee Marriage.

Notwithstanding all this there is, I doubt not, some love among the Hindoos, and there may be some happy homes. As far as I can see, much home life is impossible. Ninety-nine hundredths of the people live in mud huts or in two or three rooms, the walls of which are unplastered and unpa-pered, where it is dark almost in the day-time, and where at night the only light is a poor lamp or a wick burning in a tumbler of oil. The furniture is of the rudest description, and the rooms are so small that the beds are put outside the house during the daytime. Still in such houses women spend their whole lives, going out only when it is

their whole lives, going out only when it is necessary te draw water. Now and then in the country you see the women of the lowest castes at work, but high-caste women never. The women do the grinding of the corn for the family, and corn is 'ground here just as it was in the days of the Scriptures.

Among the high-caste Hindoos a sentiment is now growing up against infant marriages and there is one society, the members of which will not marry their girls before their fourteenth year. It must be remembered, however, that the Hindoo women do not by any means make up the total female not by any means make up the total female hammedans than Turkey, and the 353,000,000 of people who make up this Indian popula-

I attended a Parsee marriage last night in which the bride and groom were respectively 12 and 13. The two were sitting in a Parsee temple with their hands joined to-gether. They had been sitting in this position for two hours when I entered. The Parsees do not lead secluded lives. Their rarsees do not lead securded lives. Their women dress gayly and go about where they please. This girl was beautifully dressed, and the groom had on a high hat which looked for all the world like a stovepipe hat with the rim cut off, but which was red silk literally covered with pearls and liamonds. As we entered the room richly ed boys rushed up to us and put into our hands bouquets of orange flowers and roses, while servants sprayed over us, from silver bottles two feet long, a shower of rose water. After watching the ceremony for some time we rose to depart, and were then given each two cocoanuts and little bunches of betel for chewing as wedding presents, and I noted that such presents were given

to all the guests. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE WORLD'S TOBACCO YIELD.

Either Wheat or Corn. onisville Courier-Journal.1

The world's annual output of tobacco is increasing; perhaps more rapidly than that of either wheat or corn. Kentucky is the greatest factor in the to-

It is Increasing More Rapidly Than That of

bacco market, and her product steadily grows. That of Virginia does likewise, and several of the Northern States are cultivat-ing it successfully. Cuba has long been famous for her eigar wrappers, and in many parts of the island the planters are abandoning sugar and turning their attention to tobacco, finding the latter much more profitable. Even Germany is endeavoring to

But the greatest efforts to extend the cultivation of tobacco are being made in the East Indies. Both the soil and the climate of the great islands near the Asiatic coast are admirably adapted to the weed, and it has long been successfully grown there, but not until recently have attempts been made to produce it on such a large scale. Both the Dutch and the English are heavily interested, and the industry is not conducted by small farmers as here in Kentucky, but by great companies on immense planta-tions, working a thousand or more coolies

and Malays.

The most prosperous of the companies are located in Butavia and Sumatra, and their tobacco is frequently shipped to American markets. The last issue of the London Financial News quotes the stock of five of these corporations as follows: 360, 451, 836 429, and 610. They have advanced about 90 points each in the last three months, and are smong the most highly prized shares on the London Exchange.

First Gamin-Say, I'll bet you a nickel I've got more money in my pockets than you

Second Gamin—Go yer once.

After money is put up.

First Gamin—How much money have you got in my pocket?

"Did you get that box of cigars I sen "Yes, dear,"

"And how do you like them?" "The box was very nice, indeed," he said THE PURITAN FOURTH

How the Birthday of Our Nation Was Observed by Our Grandfathers

IN NEW ENGLAND 50 YEARS AGO. saw a woman die, one of my own cousins. She had been ill before her husband's death.

A Time of Universal Rejoicing, Weddings and Wedding Sermons. be dragged to the river. She was in a ourning fever. Her mother-in-law called a water carrier and had four large skins of water poured over her as she laid on the ground, where she had been thrown from her bed when her husband died. The chill

THE OLD-TIME MARRIAGE COVENANT.

Next Thursday, July 4, will be the one hundred and thirteenth anniversary of the adoption of that Declaration of Independence which dissolved all connection between this country and Great Britain, and made the former a free and independent nation. When there spread throughout the 13 colonies the great news that on the Fourth of July, 1776, the Continental Congress, sitting at Philadelphia, had adopted such a declaration, it was everywhere received with demonstrations of delight. News traveled very slowly in those days, so that the people of many places did not observe their first Fourth of July until long after that day had passed, but they celebrated it none the less enthusiastically on that accountwith an elaborateness, universality and heartiness to which our more modern observance of the day has long been a

For several years past there has been a great deal of talk, at each approaching re-currence of our nation's birthday, of reviving the old-fashioned celebrations of the occasion and thereby cultivating a spirit of patriotism among the people. In view of this, all that pertains to old-time observances of the "Glorious Fourth" in

THE DAYS OF OUR GRANDFATHERS and great-grandfathers acquires a special interest. So many of the most important events of the Revolutionary War and of the causal occurrences which gave rise to it transpired in New England that for many years after John Adams wrote his famous leiter prophesying the manner in which Independence Day would be celebrated, the fulfillment of that prophecy was perhaps more marked upon New England soil than in any other part of our country. Among the people of that section the Fourth of July, or "Independence Day," as it was generally called, took the place of other holidays which stern Puritanism severely frowned upon, and a large degree of the general jollification of Christmas and New Years, not being wholly absorbed by the great New England holiday of Thanksgiving, was mingled with the patriotic fervor aroused by Independence Day and found vent in various social festivities, both of a public and private character, on the last named occasion. Indeed, many projected wedding parties and other social gatherings and events were postponed till Independence Day, which, being a general holiday, would cause them to be better attended and to thus pass off and great-grandfathers acquires a special

THE OLD-TIME VANKEE CELEBRATION. Fifty years ago there was not a town in the New England States, nor indeed from Maine to the extreme Western limit of our Maine to the extreme Western limit of our country, in which the Fourth of July was not celebrated with civic and military parades, with brass bands playing our national airs, with patriotic crations and with public reading of the Declaration of Independence. Throughout New England the last name coremony was frequently performed in the churches by the ministers, who often conducted religious services for their flock, and preached to them a patriotic sermon.

being a general holiday, would cause them to be better attended and to thus pass off

with greater eclat.

It is related of the Rev. Mr. Milton, a very popular but eccentric clergyman who ministered to the Congregational Church of tion are of many classes and religions. The Parsees who are so noted as merchants are Persian fire worshipers, and they do not marry their children under 12.

ministered to the Congregational Church of Newburyport, Mass., within whose walls lie the remains of the famous evangelist preacher, George Whitfield, lie the remains of the famous evan-gelist preacher, George Whitfield, that when he stood up to make the "long prayer" at one of these Indepen-dence Day services he simply said: "O, Lord, deliver us from sham patriots, amen." Perhaps, in these days, there is even more urgent need of such a Fourth of July peti-tion than there was at the time it was uttered.

The accounts of some of the social festivi-

ties of Independence Day in New England a century ago are very quaint and amusing reading now. I have in my possession the diary of the Rev. Samuel Deane, an andiary of the Rev. Samuel Deane, an ancestor of mine who, more than a century ago, was for many years pastor of the Congregational Church of the First Parish in Portland, Maine. This diary, which has been handed down in my family from generation to generation, and which I shall always preserve as the most precious of heir-looms, covers a period of 20 years from 1770, and comprises several bulky manuscript. and comprises several bulky manuscript volumes. As a mirror of the

TIPE AND MANNERS OF TRAT PERIOD If and Manners of that Period.

It is quite as entertaining and valuable as is the famous diary of Mr. Pepys in its relation to the time of Charles II. I have been repeatedly urged to give this diary to the public in its entirety, and it is not impossible that I may some time do so. For the present I shall content myself with a few extracts from it pertaining to Independence Day in old-time New England and some other facts derived from it in connection therewith. On July 4, 1778, my revent erend ancestor writes as follows:

erend ancestor writes as follows:

To-day, being Independence Day, there assembled at my house more than 100 of the fair sex. married and single ladies, most of whom were skilled in the important art of spinning. An emulous industry was fever more apparent than in this beautiful assembly. The majority of fair hands gave motion to not less than 60 wheels. Many were occupied in preparing materials besides those who attended to the entertainment of the rest, provision for which was mostly presented by the guests themselves, or sent in by other generous promoters of the exhibition, as were also the materials for the work.

work.

Near the close of the day my good wife was presented by the company with 236 soven-knotted skeins of excellent cotton and linen varn, the work of the day, excepting about a dozen skeins brought in ready spun. Some had spun six and many not less than five skeins apiece. To conclude and crown the day, a numerous band of the best singers attended this evening and performed an agreeable variety of excellent pieces in psalmody.

excellent pieces in psalmody.

As already hinted, marriages were frequently solemnized on Independence Day. In Mr. Deane's diary I read that on July 4, 1770, soon after his ordination to the ministry, he performed his first marriage ceremony, the names of the contracting parties being John Physick and Mary Prescott. He goes on to state that he was to preach the "wedding sermon" on the following Sabbath, taking as his text, at the request of the bride, "Mary hath chosen that good part." This custom of having a discourse called THE WEDDING SERMON

preached on the Sabbath succeeding the wedding by the minister who had solemnized it, from a text of Scripture selected by the bride, was a universal custom at that time throughout New Eugland, and continued so for many years. When Abby Smith, daughter of Parson Smith, married 'Squire John Adams, whom her father disliked and would not invite home to dinner the choice for the text of her

my reverend ancestor gives the following transcript of the marriage covenant which he used then and throughout the remainder of his life, and which, indeed, was then in general use among the Congregational ministers of New England. In those days no one on American soil had ever questioned the sanctity or advisability of marriage, or had ever considered the possibility of its proving a fallure.

Mammon at the Springs.

FAIR MAIDS AND POOR LOVERS. Old and Wealthy Beans Who Capture All

the Prettiest Prizes.

ters and all:

You, John and Mary, who now present yourselves Candidates for the Covenant of God and
of your Marriage before him, in Token of your
Consenting Affections and United Hearts,
please to give your hands to one another.

John, the person whom you now take by the
hand you receive to be your married Wite; you
promise to love her, to honor her, to support
her, and in all things to treat her as you arenow, or shall hereafter be convinced is by the
Laws of Christ made your Duty. A tender
Husband, with unspotted Fidelity till death
shall separate you.

Mary, the person whom you now hold by the
hand you accept to be your married Husband,
you promise to love him, to honor him, to submit to him and in all things to treat him as
you are now, or shall hereafter be convinced,
is, by the Laws of Christ made your Duty. An
affectionate Wife, with Inviolable loyalty till
death shall separate you.

This solemn covenant you make, and in this
sacred oath bind your soul in the presence of
the Great God, and before these witnesses.

I then declare yon to be Husband and Wife
regularly married, according to the Laws of
God and man. Therefore what God hath thus
joined together let no man put asunder.

F. H. W.

SABATOGA, June 27. Y entering Saratogo in the evening you find it with its old-time halo on. You are whizzed from the station in one of its

gawky stages, and swirled down the spectacular vista of Broadway to whatever mammoth hotel you may have chosen

quaff his drinks, instead of gulping them? It is a spangled and gauzy crowd fairly blazing under the electricity and the moon, and the poet is taken even to a more intox-icating spot than wicked Paris, as he views it, he is in Cadiz where the roofs are of gold, the skies a diamond-decked canopy hard times or a cut-rate war with the rail-roads the boats could be seized for debt and the traffic stopped. The competing railroad, on the other hand, might be equally in debt, but in the hands of a receiver it went on do-ing business while the poor boat owner was tied up with his boat. of purest sapphire, and the women shadowy-eyed houris, made only for love and caresses. The love and the caress of life is the very earliest discovery made by the

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL

ing business while the poor boat owner was tied up with his boat.

This is the common and the darker view taken of the steamboat interest on our great rivers. To offset this is the fact that the larger rivers are now well lighted, and more lights are added every year. The millions spent on the rivers have wonderfully improved navigation, and there are fewer wrecks than ever before. The slack water navigation, as on the Kanawha and the Monongahela, has greatly extended the season in which boats can run, and has thus extended the earning time of every boat on tended the earning time of every boat on these waters. The ownership of the boats has also changed, and in place of single 'tramp' steamers there are now regular incorporated companies owning large fleets of boats and having abundant capital. These companies are enabled to furnish better, cheaper and more regular service, with less cheaper and more regular service, with less danger of ruinous competition with the rail-roads. Formerly the steamboat service was extravagant and costly in manage-ment, while rates were high and profits large. The companies now conduct their business with more economy, and seek safer, and, in a way, more civilized. The last of the famous racing machines, the Natchez, was wrecked only a few months

and the tourists will compel a better passer ger service on all the lines in the future. SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HINDOOS. If Met by Any Evil Portent they Retur

Home and Commence the Day Afrest.

ago. The competition with the railroads has demanded a wholly different class of boats,

The Hindoos are early risers. In the warm season-extending from April to October-they sleep either upon the housetop or in the courtyard, or in the verandah, if rain should be threatening, and are usually up at 5 o'clock or earlier in the morning. In the cold weather, when they sleep within doors, they rise later, but they are out before 7. Rising in the morning while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. Happening to yawn he immediately fillips his thumb and mid-

dle finger, though he does not know why. He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from the bitter Neem tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth, and extemporizes a tooth-brush. He next draws up water from the well in the yard with an iron bucket, and prepares to wash his hands and face. and prepares to wash his hands and face.
This is quickly done; he then throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season and weather, lights his hooks, takes a few pulls with his euphonious hubble-bubble, and is ready to go out. With a passing "Rama, Rama," to friend or acquaintance, and a neighborly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going he will seducusly avoid those aigns and sounds which may augur ill for the day. Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow, or the cry of a hear the cawing of a crow, or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an oilman, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path, if he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way they would return home, have a smoke, or chew a betel leaf,

A NEW TYPE SETTER. Description of a Mechanical Compositor That

The London Globe describing a new typesetting machine says; As the operator works the keys the line of print is formed before him, so that corrections may be made st once. At each impress of his finger a sheet of brass with its proper letter in the center slips into its place, and at the same time exposes a character on the edge visible to the worker. Then as soon as the line is completed, it is seized and automatically "justified." Then it is carried to a little furnace to be stereotyped, the line being finally tinued so for many years. When Abby Smith, daughter of Parson Smith, married 'Squire John Adams, whom her father disliked and would not invite home to dinner, she chose for the text of her wedding sermon, "John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say he hath a devil." Parson Smith, as in honor bound, swallowed his discontent as best he could and preached his daughters marriage sermon from the text she had selected. That high-spirited damsel not only had the honor of seeing her husband become President of the United States, but of giving birth to a son who followed in his father's footsteps.

In giving an account of that Fourth of July wedding, the first solemnized by him, thrust out on a ledge after being cast. The

SARATOGA'S SCENES.

The Giddy Contest Between Love and

In reading this covenant one is forcibly struck with the delicate distinction made between the man and the woman in their separate vows, and also with the peculiar solemnity attached, by the phrasing of the fourth paragraph, to the promises made. I copy it verbatim, punctuation, capital letters and all: OLD TIMES CONTRASTED WITH THE NEW

to put up at. You can imagine very easily that you are entering the Paris Exposition, and that the giddiest part of France is coming out to welcome you. The boulevard sight of a heavy swell seated at a small table in the open air, on the veranda of a restaurant, taking his summer beverage with slow equanimity under public gaze, is not ancommon this year at Saratoga. Can it be that the American drinker is to emerge from behind a screen and sit down boldly to

Saratoga pilgrim. Nowhere could passion find a wilder rioting place. The air is so filled with the fragrance of howers, the bell notes of fountains, the swing of hand music, that cupid seems dodging behind every skirt and aiming his darts over each gleaming

As I lolled back in a seedy old barouche, and was taken through Broadway last night, I was never more impressed by the brilliant power that we Americans have for becoming pictorial and vast. The hotels themselves, suggesting the coloseums of the Romans, were so overwhelming in their



radiant immensity, the dense crowds were so luminous and unearthly, the music came in such volumes from all sides, and the high arching trees flashed so magnificently up against the jeweled sky, that had I been transported to Titania's wood my senses would not have felt the mystical marvels of would not have left the mystical marvels of wonderland more keenly than here among the fairy palaces and theatrical effects of my mortal brothers. And I saw a proof that it is the wand of wealth and not of a fairy, that makes an old donkey-headed man get the love, real or counterfeit, of the prettiest of poor girls. Here was a coarse-grained man of 50 years grotesquely odd in dress promenading with a neat, dainty girl of less than half his age. His daughter I thought her, but I found out that they were on their bridal tour.

I was not robbed of my sparkling mood of romance when I went through the parlors of one of the hotels to the piazzas surrounding the gardens, where an admirable or-

of one of the hotels to the piazzas surrounding the gardens, where an admirable orchestra discoursed sweet music. A Spanish tarantella was rippling from the crowd of violins, the fountains dancing to the strains and a multitude of people in splendid attire stretched down the piazzas until lost in the shadows beyond the lights. The lawns were like emerald seas, and here and there a girl in filmy white, standing afar off, looked like Aphrodite shaking the spray out of her hair. Within and without there was a steady flash of women. I say "flash" advisedly. When a woman gets to Saratoga she appears to think she has reached the orbit of Venus, and she accordingly exerts herself to perform her office of constant scintillation so that there can be no mistake about her mission. She takes off her jacket and her collar, hangs crescents and stars around her throat, sticks others in her hair, wafts a feather fan with a hand her hair, wafts a feather fan with a hand frosted with gems, and then pulsates like a great rose laden with shower-crystals. As you meet her—on the piazza, in the corridors, crossing the great parlors—she drives the faintest possible suggestion of violet toward



on with her fan, sweeps her lashes side yacht in a free wind. I do not care where you go in Saratoga, the feminine magnificence of your surroundings will have an important effect upon you. Even at the sedate hotels on the hill, the very ladies' maids have the rose of sentiment stuck in their hair, and they cast more glances over their shoulders than they do straight before them. As for the three vast botels down in the center of the town, they are a triad of paradises where stylish angels are forever in a bewildering flutter vanishing now and again only to reappear in more exquisite draperies than those which we thought were unsurpassable.

Saratoga is the most popular resort for

old bachelors of any in the country. I do not know whether they come here for the salutary influence of the waters that bubble from the earth at all points, or to feed their critical eyes upon the young and tender women that bloom so bountifully in every women that bloom so bountifully in every section of the city. But the fact remains that the windows of the clubs of several of the big cities, especially those of New York, are fairly transplanted to the piazzas of the hotels here. There is a narrow balcony on the side of one house where the old boys love to congregate and talk of the horses and the women that jingle by, and to adjourn with regular frequency to the cool room below stairs, where the fizz and the julep are manufactured with gratifying skill. If these mea go to one of the springs before breakfast, and drink several glasses of the water for the benefit of their livers, they fancy they are entitled to pass the rest of day with as happy stomachs as can be procured. Therefore, as you move about here, you are continually coming in contact with the gentleman who has been at the springs every summer for the past 15 years, and who as-



sures you that the waters are not nearly so efficacious as they formerly were. Then he will ask you down to the cool room below efficacious as they formerly were. Then he will ask you down to the cool room below stairs, and tell you of the haleyon days when Morrissey kept the club house, when the city was packed with Princes, Senators, Generals, and heaven knows what all, the streets jammed with tallyho coaches, four-in-hand drags, and Jim Fisk drove his chariot down Broadway with 20 of the highest looking women in the country on top.

NOT LIKE IT USED TO BE.

"Now." he ways, "everything is the Hil-

"Now," he says, "everything is the Hilton family. When you see a handsome house it has been bought in from one of the old-timers by Judge Hilton. When an especially elegant turnout goes along you can bet one of the Hilton boys has the ribbons. You might very well rechristen Saratoga to-day and call it Hilton's park, with two girls watching an Apollo at croquet.

girls watching an Apollo at croquet.
Mildred (who was belle of the hop last night—"I don't like those new mallets, do ou, Kate?"

Kate (champion at croquet)—"Oh! it takes a light-headed thing to make a hit at a ball, you know."

I have observed particularly since arriv-

I have observed particularly since arriving here a girl of about 20, who is always being whirled along by the side of some young fellow in a dog-cart, rustling over the piszzas in a gown of delicious filminess, dancing around the parlors and occupying the most prominent place in the dining room. She is especially beautiful, a fact thoroughly appreciated by an army of excited masculine followers, who tumble over one another endeavoring to catch her smiles and her favors. She rules her court like a and her favors. She rules her court like a true princess, and I can scarcely blame the young men for becoming infatuated with her, for she is undoubtedly the sweetest armful in a season of waltzing at the Springs. I was talking with one of these old bachelors on the piazza this forenoon when she floated by on the arm of a young when she floated by on the arm of a young man, looking more lovely than words can tell. It is a whim of fashion, by the way, for Saratoga belles to take beaux arms by daylight. She was laughing with the melody of a flute, and I declare that her mouth, with its flashing teeth, was the most alluring thing in the world.

"A fine creature," I remarked to my old friend.

He glanced was the population of villages is in inverse ratio to the length of their names, so Kilballycuddihy is but a sorry namiet. It contains, however, a street and a "square," and in the square are grouped the early arrivals, who form the nucleus of a "meet." First of all, the huntsman in his red coat, sits on horseback amid the pack, whose lithe dappled forms hover around the flanks of his horse or stray farther off.

BENT ON EXPLORATION

laughed quietly to himself and then said:
"Yes, she is quite a belle. Do you ever have your nails treated by manicures in New York?" To this seemingly irrelevant question I

"Oh, then probably you never met the angel," observed my friend. "That's her trade. The old gentleman down at the end of the piazza, with the straight-brimmed silk hat on, is her benefactor. Used to visit hands. He wants to marry her. So does the young fellow she is walking with. He is clean gone on her—to the point of confes-



till you marry me. And now, the more he thinks of it, the more he wishes he hadn't put it that way. But she will not marry him, no matter how correctly he should ask her, because he is poor. The old widower is rich, and he will get her. But

THE LITTLE MANICURE is holding off for a spell of freedom, and she rules the roost in a considerable circle here at Saratoga. If she is as clever as I think she is, she will make the biggest catch of the season. Her old gentleman was dropped out of the race the first day that get here. they got here. But he is an easy-going old fogy, and lets her run around as she chooses, hoping she will come to him at last. There is nothing like Saratoga, you see, for mys-tery that is as plain as the nose on your

As the beautiful manieure swept past me just now I heard her remark that she really must hasten to Newport, where so many of her friends were anxiously awaiting her. Her escort this time was the son of a very wealthy New York man. He remonstrated so vehemently with the lovely creature, and looked so desolate when he heard her words, that I feel positive, should she really start for Newport or Patagonia, he would not lose sight of her. There is no doubt about this young man. If the manicure wants him she can have him; and I think she wants him. just now I heard her remark that she really can have him; and I think she wants him, because polishing nails can't be an agreeable way of earning a living.

Baseball is rife here at Saratoga and very

fine folks go to see rather poor games by neighborhood teams. But the girls are not

eritical, and here is a bit of actual dialogue:
Reginald—Isn't it a corking good game,
girls?
Girls (in chorus)—Oh, just splendid, and
these are such great teams, too. It makes
it so exciting.
Belle (aside to Grace)—Was teams the
right word?
Grace (aside to Belle)—I think so. Wait
till I read over his shoulder what teams
they are, anyhow.
KAMERA.

"Well said Wright Field," as he took his

AN IRISH FOX-HUNT.

Scenes of Wildest Excitement at the Kilballycuddihy Meet.

ALL DANGER IS FORGOTTEN.

While Men and Animals Rush Madly on in the Exciting Chase.

AN EVENTFUL DAY FOR HUNTSMEN

Tumbling out of bed in the small hours of morning-plunging into an ice-cold bath according to the time-honored custom of for-hunters; struggling frantically with tight top-boots, and then hurrying down to an early breakfast; these are the preliminaries of a day's hunting when the "meet" chances to be at a distance from one's domicile.

Everything is fuss and confusion at these early hunting breakfasts. Du Maurier has sketched one of them for Harper's; but he fails to reproduce the bustle and ceaseless activity of the scene. His young Nimrods helping themselves to cold chicken at the sideboard look as though there were no drive through thawing roads to Ballyour-keen Gorse, or Twitterley Cross before them. His jovial 'Squire is not apparently agitated by any dread of being too late for the meet, nor are his long-skirted, long-waisted maidens at all anxious in regard to

the straightness of their headgear. the straightness of their headgear.

The picture, to be realistic, should be filled by young men furiously devouring the viands—tat, red-faced, red-coated Squires, with big watches in their hands, warning everybody that nobody can possibly be in time; and merry damsels skipping

A RUSH IS MADE

for the hall door. Then there is mounting of hacks, and leaping into traps, and a vast amount of maneuvering as to who is to be the driver of certain lovely Dianas to the "meet." At last, with a tornado of whip-cracking, and amid a storm of whirling wheels and flying gravel the whole cavalcade starts off, down the long avenue, through the gray mists of morning. The great gates are already open, and hoofs and wheels crunch merrily along the broad white road: while the love-making carried on in the dog-carts is quite nauseous to staid old bachelors, as we trot behind on our easygoing covert hacks.

going covert hacks.

We pass a few market carts on their way to the county town, and jog by the quiet railway station where some booted and spurred passengers have just got off the morning train. These are officers from the morning train. These are officers from the county garrison come to enjoy our sport. Presently at another 'Squire's gates we are joined by a party bound, like ourselves, for the "meet;" and on the road we pass stragglers—the doctor on his gray, a sporting farmer or two, and not infrequently a sporting parson likewise—all making for the same destination, Kilballycuddihy village. Soon, whirling round a gorse-covered hill we aweep into Kilballycuddihy, horse and foot. In Ireland the population of villages is in inverse ratio to the length of their names, so Kilballycuddihy is but a sorry

the ever-watchful whippers-in. Some of the dogs are lying down, their long, red tongues lolling out, panting, and looking up wist-fully at the face of the huntsman. These are the old hounds who do not believe in early exertion. Around the little party in early exertion. Around the little party in the center are sportsmen by the dozen—some in red costs, many in black. A few carriages have begun to drive up, and their panels flash in the cold glare of the December sun. We take our places, and await the advent of the M. F. H.—that despot of the chase. Presently he drives up in his spring trap, and throwing off his great-coat, mounts the horse which has been waiting for him. It is the signal to make ready, and in a jiffy we have exchanged our hacks and carts for the fiery hunters, who have been blanketed until now.

keted until now.

The master has a mysterious consultation The master has a mysterious consultation with the huntsman, and then the whips crack and the whole concourse is in motion. We reach the covert side in a few minutes, and then there is another pause. The dogs are sent in among the gorse and undergrowth. Cigars are lighted; brandy flasks are passed round. Flirtation begins anew over sherry and sandwiches. For the moment Reynard is forgotten. But anon we are made aware of his presence. There sounds a "view halloo" from the second whip, far away to windward, and the dogs are seen scrambling in hot haste through the briars and over the covert fence. Instantly all is confusion. The huntsman's horn brays loud and high across the field. Cigars are thrown away; flasks are hurriedly stowed into saddlebags; horses plunge and rear; maidens shriek, and redecated "Squires halloo one and all. "Stole away!" "Gone away!" "Who-oop!" they yell, and the whole field flies helter-skelter at the low fences which bar the way. at the low fences which bar the way.

AN EXCITING MOMENT.

But somebody heads the for on the hillside, and he wheels about and makes for the
valley. We catch a fleeting glimpae of him
slanting down the hill to the pasture land
below, with the pack going like lightning,
seven fields behind. We, too, alter our
course. There is more kicking, more plunging; but we are off at last, and the real sport
of the day begins; as we dash madly down
the slope. Who cares for death with the
wind whistling in his ears—and a stout Irish
horse beneath him? Who cares for death
when his lady-love looks on his prowess
from under her long lashes, as she rides by
his side, as bravely as the best?

What reck we of our fallen comrades? On
we go once more; for the hounds are now in
full cry, and it is three miles to a covert,
Clatter, clatter down the stony hill; pop
over a brawling stream at the bottom, up a
slight rising ground, and then for the broad
valley! Oh! those great doubles, those dread
stone walls, those lofty hedges! When we
look at you in cold blood, we wonder at our
audacity in daring to leap such obstacles!
But in the fire and ardor of the hunt we
think but little. Away across the big grass
fields starting the sleening castife with our AN EXCITING MOMENT.

But in the fire and arder of the hunt we think but little. Away scross the big grass fields starting the sleeping cattle with our shouts and the music of the horn. By-and-by there is no shouting!

By-and-by there are few left of the 60 who started from the covert side! Some are lying beneath the oaks in the park, others are scraping the mud from their garments by the murmuring river. Some are chasing their recreant steeds on the lonely hillside; some again are jolting homeward in country carts, their heads wrapped in handkerchiefs, their hearts plunged in sorrow. We seek the nearest highroad, and jog gaily homeward to a well carned dinner.

PEREGRINE QUILL.

PEREGRINE QUILL.

Mr. Younghusband—Lucille, the papers say the bustle must go.

Mrs. Younghusband—Ves, Octavius; but when the bustle goes the women will go with the bustle.

cioth. A cheap cashmere shaw! was thrown over its top and I was told that the bride was inside. I asked her age and was told that she had lived just eight years. Behind her came a number of women carrying her dowry upon their heads. One party bore the bride's bed. It was a rack or frame work of wood about 4 feet long and 3 feet wide, with 4 rude feet raising it 18 inches from the ground, and instead of wire springs there was a net work of clothes-lines rope stretched within the framework, Another woman had a tray on her head containing the cooking utensils, of three or four iron pots and a rice jar, and she whole outfit would have been dear at \$1 50. I talked with the father of the groom. He told me the bride would come and stay two days with her mother-in-law and then go back home until she was 10 persons to live

years of age, when she would come to live with her husband and be married for good. In the case of baby marriages the child is often brought up by her own parents, and she only comes to her mother-in-law's house when she has gotten old enough to learn housekeeping, which is at the age of 10 or 11 years. In some cases, however, she goes at once to the house of her mother-in-law and is brought up by her, often being made to do the drudgery of the house and abso-lutely subject to her husband's mother.

I was invited to a wedding feast at Agra, and the polite Hindoo who so honored me told me upon parting that my presence had Hindoos present and the entertainment consisted of Nautch dancing and acting. The Nautch girls, attired in gorgeous clothes, went through the most surprising of conwere played with the hands, and a curious Hindoo fiddle. These Nautch girls are the dancing girls of India. They are remark-able for their plump, round figures and for the wonderful case and grace which they throw into the movements of their bodies. A large part of the dancing consists in the movement of the frame without lifting the feet from the ground. They are the same the African negroes, and seem to be a part of criental life. They are paid high prices and some of the best dancing girls of India

get as high as \$25 a night.

The celebration which I attended was in a

pore I was shown a collection of 1,500 different styles of Indian jewelry, and through every province I have traveled I find the women dress differently. Among the hills of India and on the slopes of the Himalayas a woman sometimes wears as high as 50 pounds of jewelry. This is often of brass,

wearing clothes of gold cloth. Behind great silver chain hung from the bottom of her earrings down to her waist and she had

The Hard Lot of Child Widows.



Dancing Girl. lightful spot in the hills about 100 miles from Bombay, and she will soon begin the construction of her institution. The Hindoe wife is in a paradise compared to the Hindoo widow. The condition of the wife is bad enough. As the slave of her hus-band she eats after he is through, and she takes what is left. She has no education to speak of and her only hope of salvation is in him. She stands while he sits in the household, and she can not, if she lives in the interior, go to the Ganges and bathe in the sacred water. The Hindoo woman worships her husband and the husband returns the worship by doing as little as

possible for his wife.

There are 6,000,000 widows in India, and There are 6,000,000 widows in India, and as the majority of the marriages take place under 10, the greater part of these women became widows as children. A Hindoo widow can never marry again, even if her husband dies before the ceremony of marriage. If she is betrothed she is condemned to widowhood for the rest of her life. As a widow she must give up all the pleasures of this world. She must never wear any jewelry, never sleep on a bed, and for the rest of her life she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law's family. She eats by herself and cooks her own food. The moment her husband dies her ornaments are torn her husband dies her ornaments are torn from her. She is clad in the poorest of clothing, and at the funeral she is kept out of the main body of the mourners, and she is looked upon as though she had the

Most of the Hindoos cremate their dead by a river, and it used to be the custom for widows to throw themselves alive on the funeral pyres of their husbands and allow themselves to be burned to death. This was a sure passport to heaven, and it would exist to-day were it not that the English have prohibited it. At Benares I saw a hall dozen monuments, rude pieces of stone 18 inches high and a foot square, which had been put up in honor of women who had so killed themselves.

Crucity Persecuted Women. In the northwest provinces of India, where the holiest of the Hindoos live, the treatment of the widows is even worse than that described in the above statements. Here the woman is often dragged along with her husband's corpse to the cremation. She is pushed into the water and made to stand there while the body is burning. She comes

GRINDING CORN. India. In the museum of the rajah of Jey-

pounds of jewelry. This is often of brass, but not intrequently of silver and gold.

I saw one woman in a turban who had a nose ring as big around as the top of a goblet fastened by a gold chain to a hole in her ear. She had gold earrings with gold chains attached to them, so made that they covered the ear, and around her neck were strands of corals, of silver beads and silver coins. A great silver chain hung from the bottom of

bracelets and anklets and rings on toes and fingers. There are here in Bombay 3,000 jewelers, and at Delhi the great business of the people is the making of gold and silver Pundita Ramabai, the high caste Hindoo

woman who has been raising funds in America for the establishment of a college for the child widows of India, has just returned home. She is now at Poons, a de-